

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES,
VOL. XXVI.

DECEMBER, 1874.

NEW SERIES,
VOL. III NO. 12.



JUST FROM THE TOY-SHOP.

For The Dayspring.

MOLLY'S CHRISTMAS.

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.



OLLY! Molly! Mol-l-y!" screamed a sharp-nosed woman from the kitchen door, one chilly morning in December.

She waited a little, then pushed her sharp chin out beyond the latch, and screamed again.

"Molly! M-o-l-y! Answer me if you're in that barn!"

The barn door came open a little way, and a ragged, eleven-year old girl peered out from the dark-looking crack, holding up a half-dressed fowl.

"I'm coming, ma'am, as soon as ever I get the pin-feathers off of this one."

"As soon as ever!" "Pin-feathers!" echoed the cross-looking woman, as she snapped her jaws together spitefully over the words. "You've been out there long enough to pick an ostrich, you good-for-nothing thing! Oh, dear, dear! what I ever took you from that poor-house for is more than I can tell," she muttered. Then, raising her voice, she called out as cross as ever she could make her words, "Do you get every pin-feather off that rooster, and be in here in less than five minutes!"

"But my hands are so cold, my fingers won't double sharp enough to get hold of them good, Mrs. Akers," answered the little thing, blowing upon them, and dropping tears upon the pin-feathers, that were bound to stick fast, just as they always are.

Perhaps the little eyes who read this never had to look sharp for these obstinate, blue, sticky things. I really hope they never had to do it on a cold, windy day, out in a cold barn, as this Molly Duncan was doing this day.

Poor little Molly! She had to do it, young as she was, for to-morrow was to be Christmas, and the fowl were to be cooked then, for Widow Akers's relatives were coming, and she liked to make them comfortable and to feed them well; but she lost sight of the fact that the poor shivering girl in the barn needed food, clothes, and love.

Molly had been unfortunate. Her mother and father died when she was a wee, toddling thing, and she had to be carried to the poor-house; and there she lived until she was eight years old, when Widow Akers with her sharp nose and leathery cheeks came poking about there to find "a girl to do odd chores." She promised fair things, and told of what a good home she would give her, and made herself out such a good Christian woman the selectmen listened to her joyfully; and, ere Molly knew what it all meant, the papers were made out, signed, and sealed, and in Widow Sabrina Akers's hands, and she was bound to Mrs. Akers until she was eighteen.

Good old Mother Clare hugged and kissed her, and fitted her out with warm clothing. If she did "keep the poor-house," she was a dear, kind woman, and had been as kind to Molly as her own mother could be. She saw below the homely little face and scraggly body, and knew she was a sweet, lovable thing; much too loving to be thrust upon a cold world or into the hands of a wicked woman. But because she was homely there was but one wanted to adopt her; and few thought to look below the face for the little hidden beauties that lay covered beneath.

So there was nothing left but for the town to bind her to somebody, and this somebody happened to be Mrs. Akers, who was too stingy too hire any one to help her about her work, and too pinched in heart and stingy in soul to love any one but herself and her relations. She banged about the

room a few moments longer, then looked up at the patient eight-day clock spitefully.

"The miserable little jade! I want to stuff that biggest one, and she's got three quarts of raisins to stone, nearly a half-bushel of apples to peel, and that butter to fetch. Humph! I'll see to her if she isn't in here when you strike nine."

She had a habit of talking to the clock when Molly was away, and she had measured out the poor child's time so much and so long by this innocent tall old piece of furniture that Molly had grown to fear it.

The face had twelve great wicked eyes, and two hands that kept going round and round over the staring face, and pointing out to Mrs. Akers over and over again just how long she was in doing every thing. She had grown so afraid of it that she did not dare to pat the gray cat which she loved so well unless she got around on the side of it, for its great swinging pendulum looked like a long whip with a terrible brass weight on the end which seemed to long to cut into her flesh.

She knew it wasn't just so as she thought, but she had heard Mrs. Akers scream so much about being done with this or that in five, ten, or twenty minutes, or by eight, or nine, or four, or six, that when it struck she always jumped up with a scared look, and held on to her ears if Mrs. Akers was out of the way; for it seemed as if there were a thousand tell-tales inside, and all screaming out something she had or hadn't done.

It was not because she was such a naughty girl: but Mrs. Akers had scolded so much at her, and called her such dreadful names; and so often said that she "wasn't worth her salt;" or that she was "so ugly that even the turkeys would be afraid to eat the corn she threw them;" or that she "must keep a lookout for those Bible bears, she was so awfully wicked,"—that she sometimes felt

afraid to pray, and crept into bed and lay long hours, shivering lest God would punish her in some awful way when she was least expecting it. But while I have been telling you this she had finished the fowl, and came tremblingly in.

"Put them down on the table. I'm glad if you haven't frozen to them, you make-a-b'lieve. Cold! I wonder if you'd own up to being comfortable in July, you ungrateful minx? Clothes enough on to swelter a horse, and then have the face to yell at me from the barn that you're cold. Take that!" giving a blow upon the ear with her wet hand, which made it tingle for an hour afterward.

"Please don't strike me any more. Dr. Clare says it makes children deaf sometimes," answered the girl patiently.

"Dr. Clare! have you dared to tell Dr. Clare that I box your ears or strike you?"

She marched up to the sobbing child, and seizing her roughly almost yelled the words in her ears.

"Oh, no, ma'am. He spoke of it in our school the other day, that the teacher might not do it."

"Well, you'd better not. Mollie Duncan, if you ever dare to whisper outside of these walls that you're cold or hungry, you'll suffer for it. If anybody asks you what kind of a home you have, you must tell them you have the best one in town, and that I am more than a mother to you,—and so I am. For there isn't another woman in this town, or any other, that would take such a homely thing as you from the poor-house, and keep you three years, you wicked good-for-nothing!"

"I'm sure I don't see how I can have grown so wicked in three years," answered the little girl meekly, her lips trembling with sorrow. "Miss Wood used to say I had a very good disposition, and was real quick to run errands and learn any thing; and I

never lie or steal. Mrs. Akers, I don't see how I can have changed so. I'm so sorry, Mrs. Akers, that I am so wicked, for I am afraid I can't go to heaven where mamma is if I get much worse. Won't you please show me how to be good, after you get over your Christmas hurry, Mrs. Akers?"

The dear little meek thing was puzzled to know what had changed her so, and looked up at Mrs. Akers with such a sweet, pleading look in her large eyes, I am sure I don't see how she could look so crossly back, and snap out:—

"Miss Wood! don't you ever let me hear you mention her name again. I hate the sight and sound of it. I don't care what she said. You're the wickedest girl that ever lived, and I mean Miss Parton shall know it too before many days. There! stop your whimpering, and move that churn-dash a little as if you were alive. I want that buttermilk. I'll give you ten minutes to bring it, or take a whipping."

There, that is only a specimen of a part of one morning in Molly Duncan's life. Mrs. Akers didn't give her a whipping every time she promised it, but then she was always scolding and complaining, finding fault, measuring out work by the staring old clock, and threatening dreadful things, till Molly did not know what comfort was, and had got to believing that she was as bad as Mrs. Akers told her so often, and shed many a tear in secret, and longed to see dear Miss Wood and find some way to patch up her wicked little self, so that she might go to meet her mamma when God should call her.

Miss Wood was a kind young lady who had been her Sabbath-school teacher when she went to church from the poor-house. She lived near, and, because Molly was good and lovable, she became very much attached to her, and would have adopted her as her own, for her mother was dead, and she lived alone

at the great house of Judge Wood; but he was feeble and nervous, and would not consent to have the noise of a child. The same day on which Mrs. Akers took her away from the poor-house, Miss Wood left the great house to go to Europe with her father for his health; and Molly had not seen or heard from her since.

She had been the only friend she had ever known, save Mother Clare, until she had become Miss Parton's scholar at the Sabbath school near Mrs. Akers.

Molly loved Miss Parton very much, but she dared not talk with her about herself, lest Miss Parton should find out what an unpleasant home she had. She feared to say a word at school, or anywhere, for she believed it was just as Mrs. Akers said. If she was to leave Mrs. Akers, nobody else would take her in, she was so dreadfully homely and wicked; and she would have to die alone in the street. She always shuddered to think of the dreadful end, and ended by praying God to make her kind to Mrs. Akers, and Mrs. Akers kind to her.

Altogether it was a very hard life that she led; and though the neighbors loved her patient little face, and pitied her for her hard lot, they never guessed the half she suffered. They always saw her at church, dressed decently; but in the winter she shivered all through the week, because she had not clothes enough to keep her warm; and at night it was no better. She slept on straw upon the floor, and shivered all night, while quilts and blankets lay in piles in the closets; but she dared not touch one, because of the hard-faced woman.

Well, it was getting toward sundown, and she had been hard at work ever since before daylight. She came in from the last errand, for the day, and was astonished to hear Mrs. Akers ask, in the bland voice which she used only when visitors came, —

"Molly, wouldn't you like to go spend the night with Miss Parton. I promised her you might some Wednesday night, when the children's meeting was to be at her house."

Her eyes sparkled.

"Oh! may I? I'll be so good, if I go. I'll try so hard to please you to-morrow, if you let me go. I do long to hear the minister talk to the children."

"There! there! don't go into fits over it. Take yourself off upstairs, and if you move your lazy bones decently quick, you can get ready in time. Now see to it the rafters don't have time to crumble over your head with age."

Molly fairly flew upstairs. She hugged the gray kitten, and whispered the good news softly to her.

She dared not ask questions, but she couldn't help wondering what was the reason of it all. She had so longed to go to Miss Parton's to one of these meetings,— and now she was to stay all night! and while she was dressing, she arranged a cunning little plan to have Miss Parton show her a way to get good enough to go to her mamma some day.

"But I won't say a word about Mrs. Akers's scoldings, nor the hard whippings she gives me sometimes, because perhaps I deserve it. There must be something wrong about me. I'll get her to look me all over; perhaps she can find it, and I'll begin over again."

Downstairs she tripped in her cheap suit, feeling warmer and happier than for days,— but alas for the little girl! Mrs. Akers had just opened the sitting-room door as Molly swung the stair door back.

Crash! crash! scatter! scatter! and there lay Mrs. Akers's china vase, which her husband had brought from sea long years before, in a hundred pieces.

Poor Molly had not broken any thing since she broke an old cracked mug more than a year before, and was punished with bread-and-water diet for a week.

Both were to blame for this. Mrs. Akers was coming out quickly with it held up before her. The door swung back and against it; the vase fell, and of course it broke. But she didn't stop to reason. With her, every thing that happened wrong, Molly was to blame.

She grew purple with rage, and rushing from behind the doors slammed both behind her and seized the child.

Raising her hard hands high over her head, she brought them down upon the child's head, face, and shoulders, again and again, then gave her a violent push ahead. The trap-door to the cellar was open, and poor bewildered Molly pitched forward, then downward, and fell with a dull thud upon the brick floor below.

Mrs. Akers listened a moment. Not a sound, not a movement. She was a little startled. Not because she would be sorry for the child, but if she was hurt, the doctor might have to be called, and his questions might be troublesome to answer.

She looked at the clock. It was half-past four; and in her pocket lay a letter which had come from the office that afternoon while Molly was off on an errand. It was addressed to the child, and it was the first letter that had ever been sent to her. It said:—

DEAR LITTLE MOLLY,— I have but recently reached home from Europe, where I left my dear papa in his grave. The old house is very, very lonely to me. I have thought of you so many, many times, and I did so long to see your dear little face that I ran over to Mother Clare's to find out about you as soon as I came. All she knows is that you were sent to what they believed was a good home. Let me see; you must be quite eleven years old now. What a dear, precious bit of company you can be for me! — for I cannot forget to

love you, and if I can beg or buy you out of your new home I shall do it. Anyhow, you *must spend the coming Christmas with me*. I shall arrive on the train due at your place at nearly five o'clock. Be all ready to return with me on the six o'clock train, and I promise you a happy Christmas. Please read this to your mistress, and say that she must not say me nay. Be all ready. Here are a dozen kisses for you. I'll give the rest when I come.

Your loving friend,

OPAL WOOD.

The letter lay hidden in the unfeeling woman's pocket. That explained the sudden resolve of Mrs. Akers. She was ashamed to have so good a friend find the girl, lest her own neglect and wrong-doing should be brought to light. She had settled it in her own mind. She should tell her that the "dear little thing had been gone a week when the letter came, and was to be gone two or three more."

She got up and looked cautiously down cellar. Her face grew white. There lay the child as if dead, and around her face was a frightful pool of bright red blood, and still it oozed from her head.

"What shall I do? I'm afraid she's dead; or, worse still, I'm afraid she'll come out of this and tell of me; or, worse still, that she'll be crazy because of the wound and tell all about me. Oh, dear! oh, dear!" and down crept the woman.

But the Lord had begun to open the long-hedged path for patient Molly, and it was not to be closed till he set friends in it.

Just as the woman came toiling up the stairs, with the body hanging limp and dead across her arms, and the blood pouring over her sleeve and shoulder, a rap sounded on the door of the kitchen, and Miss Parton came in.

Her quick sympathy was roused, and a certain something about the woman's face struck her oddly.

"Why, what is the matter? Molly isn't

hurt, is she? I've just called to beg her for to-night and to-morrow. I'm to have all my Sabbath-school class with me to help me off with Christmas, and"—

Just here Mrs. Akers turned to go to the bedroom, and she saw the stream of blood trickling through the fair hair.

"Oh, what is it? Do tell me, Mrs. Akers. How did the poor darling hurt her so?"

"The dear little thing had just got ready to come to the meeting to-night, and came skipping downstairs; the trap-door was open, and she fell. I couldn't catch her. I sprang toward her as I came out of the sitting-room door, dropped my vase, as you see; but I was too late,—poor little dear!" whimpered the wicked woman.

In a moment she had thought of this way to tell the story, and thought it would be an easy thing to make Molly believe so too.

"Run for the doctor, do, Miss Parton. I'm afraid she's dead."

And away she ran. As she hurried down the walk, she felt her dress pulled. Turning, she saw Billy Clark with a very white face and moving lips.

"It's a lie, mum! she did it. I saw it all. I'd just climbed up to look into the pantry winder to see the Christmas pies, and I seed her slap her and slap her till I was just a goin' to holler, when she gave her a push that sent her into the cellar. Then I sat still to see what the old woman would do, and she was jest a bringing her up as you came in. You go back. I'll go for the doctor quicker'n lightnin'. She'll kill her, mebbe, if you don't go. This ain't the fust time I've seen her strike and 'buse her."

"I believe you, Billy; I believe every word you say. I have been suspecting something wrong. Run as fast as you can, and I will go to the darling;" and she hurried back.

Billy Clark was an odd-looking dwarf, and

had all the privileges of the neighborhood. He curled himself upon the pantry windows when he chose, and stretched himself upon the pulpit stairs if he chose ; and roamed about so much, he knew what was going on in the neighborhood better than any one else in it. He was very honest, and had never been known to tell an untruth. Miss Parton could but believe him, and went in with a sorrowful heart.

The doctor came and dressed the wound, while Mrs. Akers stood by with a handkerchief to her eyes.

"A dangerous wound, madam, and an ugly bruise. She must be kept very quiet to-night and to-morrow. There is danger of congestion of the brain. She will come out of this stupor in the course of five or six hours. If she is delirious then, send for me immediately. Above all things, keep her quiet. If you are expecting company for Christmas, and can, telegraph them not to come." And away he went to stand at other bedside.

The awful old clock in the kitchen tolled five. The child started and put her hands to her ears in the old way, and moaned, "I'll finish it in just a moment, Mrs. Akers, just a moment; I have tried so hard to hurry."

She was evidently thinking herself at some task, and the five strokes were the tell-tales as of old.

Then she lay very quiet again for several moments. There was a knock at the outer door, and Mrs. Akers opened it to find Miss Wood standing there.

"Mrs. Akers, I suppose? You received my letter, I presume?"

"Oh, yes; come in, Miss Wood. But before I had time to tell her of it, the dear child came skipping downstairs, the trap-door was open, and the poor darling fell down. The doctor has just gone. Her

new Sunday-school teacher is in there. She doesn't know any thing. Come still. Oh, I feel so bad, Miss Wood."

But there was a certain look about her face that Miss Wood did not like.

"Miss Wood, — Miss Parton."

She grasped her hand warmly. Mrs. Akers went back to the kitchen, the handkerchief still to her eyes.

"Molly has told me of you. Bless you for coming. The Lord has sent you, I am sure ;" and in a whisper she repeated to her what Billy Clark had told her.

Miss Wood could not speak for a long time; but when she could she told the other what she had come for, and together they sat and silently prayed and wept till near midnight, when Molly began to toss about wildly, to utter shrieks that were piteous to hear. She seemed to think she was at work for Mrs. Akers; or it was the broken vase, or the children's meeting; for she would cry out: —

"Oh, please don't strike me on my head, Mrs. Akers, I'm so afraid it will make me deaf, and then I can't hear dear mamma and papa sing among the angels."

Or: "Oh, don't, don't, Mrs. Akers! oh, don't put me so near the oven door! oh, don't, don't burn me! I'll hurry, oh, so fast, if you won't."

"The pin-feathers do stick in so hard, and I am so very cold! Oh, I do hope they will have fires and warm woollen dresses up in heaven!"

They ran for the doctor. As he came in a new terror seized her, and she screamed again and again, till even the doctor wept.

"I didn't mean to break the vase. I didn't surely know you were coming out of that door. Oh, oh-h, don't beat me so hard! I'll be so very, very careful next time, dear Mrs. Akers!"

Then, lying a moment, she looked around

beseechingly, and begged them to lift her head.

"Can't somebody hold it together hard? it's breaking open. I'm so sorry I've been so wicked. It must be for something I've done that it's aching so hard. Oh, do forgive me, dear Lord! If I could only see dear, good Miss Wood, and ask her to pray for me that He may show me a new way to do right. My way can't be right, Mrs. Akers says I grow wicked so fast."

And so the child wailed and moaned and wept through the long night, while guilty Mrs. Akers trembled in her chair in the kitchen. All through the long, weary Christmas Day, that might have been so bright for the forlorn waif had not this woman so cruelly wronged her, she lay and suffered.

The teachers watched by her, and although she was very sick yet it was the best Christmas the child had ever known; for it was a golden gate which the Lord swung back for her to walk through into joyous pastures beyond.

For a week they watched by her, and then she began to know them. Her joy at seeing Miss Wood was unbounded, and when she learned that she was always to live with her she cried for joy.

As soon as she was well enough to be moved, they took her away from there; and Mrs. Akers could say nothing against it, for Billy Clark and the child's delirious moanings had told too much. The doctor, the teachers, and neighbors would have had her punished; but forgiving Molly pleaded so hard that they did not appeal to the law.

Molly received a good education, and was a loving and attractive companion for the gentle girl who had sought her so kindly.

Altogether, the Christmas which began so sadly for Molly Duncan ended as she had never dared to dream that one could end, — in great happiness and blessing.

For The Dayspring.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

HAIL the morning when the angels
Glory sang to God on high,
Peace on earth, good-will to all men,
Bending downwards from the sky!
Hear the burden of their message, —
"Unto you a Son is given,
Saviour, Leader, and R deemer,
Child of earth and Child of heaven."

Hail the morning when the day-star,
Breaking through the murky night,
Stirred the hearts of Eastern magi
By its clear prophetic light!
Spoke to them of kingly advent,
Led them, o'er the desert way,
To the lowly Bethlehem manger
Where the world's Redeemer lay.

Hail the happy Christmas morning,
Speaking peace to all the earth;
Kindling new and warm affections,
Filling every home with mirth!
Join, my soul, the deep thanksgiving,
Bursting forth this happy morn;
Shout with joy the glorious message, —
"God has blessed us, Christ is born!"

W. N. EVANS.

MONTRÉAL, Christmas, 1874.

AFFAIRS succeed by patience.

Soft and fair goes far.

Time and tide wait for no man.

One year's seed, seven years' weed.

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects of life.

There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off. So God rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew, and if we lack them it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.



DAMASCUS.

THE city of Damascus is one of the most ancient cities of the world, being in existence in the time of Abraham. It is not known when it was founded, but certainly not less than four thousand years ago. It

is beautifully situated, and has been a large and important city through its whole historical period. Its population now is not far from one hundred and fifty thousand. The people are nearly all Mahomedans.

In the picture are seen the domes and minarets of mosques, the flat and terraced roofs of the houses, and the great khans or caravansaries. Seen from a distance, the city is one of the most beautiful in the world. The country around is exceedingly fertile, and yields the fruits of nearly all climates.

JUST FROM THE TOY-SHOP.

It was very funny ! When Santa Claus came to Mrs. Hall's house, he could not find in his bags or his pockets any thing at all to leave for Mary and Tommy. He had just come from the Orphans' Home, where he could not help leaving ever so many things ; but he thought there was one pocket he had not emptied.

In went his hand into that pocket, as he stood upon the chimney-top ready to go down into the house. How sober he looked when he found the pocket was empty ! But there was no help for it, for it was almost morning, and the children were waking up. So he had to get in his sleigh, and drive off as fast as he could.

The first thing Mary and Tommy did when they waked was to run to their stockings to see what was in them. Nothing ! How bad the little girl and boy felt ! They could not make Christmas seem a bit "merry." Their mother tried to cheer them up by telling them that all would come out right before the

day was over. Maybe Santa Claus was sick, or his horses had given out, or he had not time to get round.

After breakfast the children's uncle came to wish them a "Merry Christmas," and to get his "Merry Christmas." He said he was so old he didn't know any thing about children's toys. Then he put some money in Mrs. Hall's hand, and begged she would buy something for the children. That made the clouds all go away, and Mary and Tommy were as thankful and merry as could be.

Soon after Mrs. Hall took them to the toy-shop. Their wants were more than supplied. The Santa Claus that got into the good uncle's heart was even too kind. Mary and Tommy went home so laden with toys that the children all along the street looked at them with longing eyes. This made Mary and Tommy proud. But Mrs. Hall was a good and wise woman. When she got home, she showed the children how silly it was to be proud, and led them to give some of their toys to children who had no uncles to make up for the neglect of Santa Claus.

NATURE is perpetually breaking bounds. We hedge thought round with formulas ; and in a few years, being too narrow, they are broken before we are aware of it.

Hamerton.

FOR A CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

Words by Rev. J. A. SWAN, Kennebunk, Me.

Music by ORIGEN B. YOUNG, Worcester, Mass.

Now gathered here, both old and young, We think of that bright morn, When
heaven with an - gel an-thems rung, And Christ, the Lord, was born. We
see him chase the gloom a - way, And cap-tive souls set free; And,
pointing heavenward, hear him say, "Come thou, and fol - low me!"

Yes, Lord, through grief and pain and loss
Our human path may be;
But, though we bear the daily cross,
We do but follow thee.
Oh, may we tread his path of light,
His peace and conflict share;
Be with him in the festal rite,
And in the hour of prayer;

Be with him, though the thorn or palm
The restless brow may bind,
And learn of him that holy calm
Which living faith can find.
Then, on life's brink, when out before
Spreads that mysterious sea,
Dear Lord, to the celestial shore
May we still follow thee.

BOUND VOLUMES.

BOUND VOLUMES of "The Dayspring" for 1874, making Vol. III. of "The Dayspring" series, will be ready for sale by the 19th inst.

The price will be as heretofore *seventy-five cents* a volume; in exchange for the year's numbers, *fifty cents*.

Subscribers ordering the volume by mail need not send the numbers; but by remitting *sixty cents* will receive the volume by return mail.

HUMOROUS.

A LITTLE boy wrote for his composition: "The horse is a very useful animal. It has four legs, — one on each corner."

A school-boy asked to define "sob" said: "It means when a feller don't want to cry, and it busts out itself."

A man went into a butcher's shop, and, finding the owner's wife in attendance in the absence of her husband, thought he would have a joke at her expense, and said, "Madam, can you supply me with a yard of pork?"

"Yes, sir," said she. And then turning to a boy, she added, —

"James, give that gentleman three pigs' feet!"

Puzzles.

29.

ACROSTIC.

An emblem of eternity am I;
I proudly soar to regions high;
False face am I, and often seen;
I come the day and night between;
In pictured form the world I often show;
What I would teach the scholar seeks to know;
From me the wise men came their gifts to bring;

The winter o'er, my song I gaily sing;
Behold in me the seat of earthly power;
But seek thou me from heaven in every hour;
Far, far from me be sure you always keep;
As shepherd I would ever guard the sheep;
My trunk and limbs with sturdy strength are knit;
That I am last all freely will admit;
To me most stoutly cling, I faithful plead:
Your duty now behold as down you read.

30.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirteen letters:
My 1, 12, 7, 11, is a deightful thing in summer;
My 13, 2, 11, 5, is a very useful article;
My 8, 10, 2, 8, 9, is a vehicle;
My 6, 12, 8, 11, is part of the finger;
My 5, 7, 4, is a metal;
My whole is a welcome visitor,
Who comes but once a year.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

26. — L oa F
E a R
A bih U
V asht I
E as T
S ulk S. — Leaves, Fruits.

27. — Roe
Verb
Moon
Broom. — November.

28. — L O V E
O P A L
V A I L
E L L A

THE DAYSPRING,

(FORMERLY SUNDAY SCHOOL GAZETTE,) PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

(John Kneeland, Secretary)

7 TREMONT PLACE BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy 30 cents.
Four copies to one address \$1.00.

Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.